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NEWPORT, R. I., JUNE 16, 1894.

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The Newport Mercury,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

SCHOOLBOARD.

A Busy Session—Teachers Elected—Letters Received—Statistics, etc. The regular monthly meeting of the School Committee was held Monday evening with the full board present. Mr. Perry, for the committee on teachers, said that Miss Leavitt of the High School had received an offer of a position from the school department where her parents resided at the same salary she received here. He recommended that her salary be increased \$100 and it was so voted. It was also voted to increase the salary of Mr. Campbell, principal of the Coddington building, \$100; to elect Miss Lillian Lee at a salary of \$520 to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Adelaide B. Downing; to elect Miss Mary Merrill at a salary of \$400 to Miss Lee's former position and to elect Miss Helen Dyer, at a salary of \$400 to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Petzka on account of poor health. The committee on teachers also recommended that four rooms on the lower floor of the Calvert school building be set apart for a school of special training for would-be teachers and that Miss Freeman be elected critic teacher of the same at a salary of \$200 more than she now receives, her present position to be filled by her from time to time with the teachers under her instruction and personal supervision. Owing to the fact that the City Council has not as yet acted upon the request of the school board for an additional appropriation, the election of teachers for the Sloyd and Industrial schools was passed as was also the re-election of Miss Boss, Miss Martin and Miss Thurston. The schedule for the year is as follows:

Frank E. Thompson, Rogers High School, headmaster, \$2,000.
John H. Leslie, Rogers High School, sub-master, \$2,000.
Ruth B. Franklin, Rogers High School, \$1,000.
Miss E. M. Scott, Rogers High School, \$1,000.
Katie L. Clarke, Rogers High School, \$200.
Mary E. Leavitt, Rogers High School, \$200.
Marion G. Stanhope, Rogers High School, \$200.
Alice J. Jones, First grammar, \$200.
Dudley H. Bowditch, Second grammar, \$200.
Anna E. Orton, Second grammar, \$200.
Emily H. Clark, Third grammar, \$200.
Henry W. Clark, third grammar, \$200.
Alfred W. Clark, fourth grammar, \$200.
John W. Clark, fourth grammar, \$200.
Harriet E. French, fourth grammar, \$200.
Julia F. Pitman, fourth grammar, \$200.
Mary S. Tilley, fourth grammar, \$200.
Hortencia E. Clark, first intermediate, \$200.
Ella M. Murphy, first intermediate, \$200.
Ella G. Chase, first intermediate, \$200.
Sarah E. Fales, first intermediate, \$200.
Rachel E. Freud, first intermediate, \$200.
Hannah Gordan, second intermediate, \$200.
Elizabeth Gordan, second intermediate, \$200.
Elizabeth T. Fludder, second intermediate, \$200.
Elizabeth R. Stern, second intermediate, \$200.
Annie E. Caswell, second intermediate, \$200.
Florence E. Clark, third primary, \$200.
Mary E. Clark, first primary, \$200.
Alice Hammatt, first primary, \$200.
E. H. Ward, first primary, \$200.
Harriet L. Goff, first primary, \$200.
S. Josephine Peabody, second primary, \$200.
Mary E. Clark, second primary, \$200.
Harriet A. Saunders, third primary, \$200.
J. H. Fludder, second primary, \$200.
Harriet H. Dowling, third primary, \$200.
Sarah E. Churchill, third primary, \$200.
Annie E. Caswell, third primary, \$200.
Harriet L. Fales, third primary, \$200.
Eleanor L. Freeman, critic teacher, \$200.
Grace W. Bryer, third primary, \$200.
Helen Dyer, third primary, \$200.
Abbie E. Clark, third primary, \$200.
Alice H. Stevens, kindergarten, \$200.
Jesse T. Dowling, kindergarten, \$200.
O. W. McNamee, kindergarten, \$200.
Lillian Pearson, kindergarten, \$200.
Adelaide C. Fadden, kindergarten, \$200.
Loretta E. Clark, drawing, \$200.
Mary E. Blanchard, music, \$200.

The report of what work was needed in and about the school buildings before the fall term begins was received from Mr. Fludder of the committee on buildings, and on motion of Mr. Sherman the committee was given power to act.

The truant officers reported Number of cases investigated, reported by teacher, 115.
Number sent to be truants, 23.
Number for sickness and other causes, 8.
Number not attending any school, 2.
Number sent to public schools, 2.
Number sent to Catholic schools, 2.

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Number sent to public schools, 2.

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Ho further reported that of the two contractors as received the committee sent to the Sockanossit school and the other he was given further time on account of the lad's youth. He requested authority to prosecute two more boys who, he represented, were not attending any school but were growing up in ignorance.

Superintendent Baker's report contained the following statistics:

REGULAR DAY SCHOOLS.

Year register, 2,374.
Term register, 2,333.
Number belonging, 2,063.
Number attending, 1,926.
Per cent of attendance, 94.6%.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL—SEWING DEPARTMENT.

Whole number enrolled, 47.
Number belonging, 47.
Number attending, 47.
Per cent of attendance, 100%.

COOKING DEPARTMENT.

Whole number enrolled, 57.
Number belonging, 57.
Number attending, 57.
Per cent of attendance, 100%.

STORY SCHOOL.

Number of pupils enrolled, 25.
Number belonging, 19.
Number absent, 16.
Number cases absent, 16.

The purchase of fuel and printing of the annual school reports were referred to the finance committee, the arrangement of the school calendar was left with the superintendent and Chairman of the board, and the matter of examinations and promotions were, as usual, entrusted to the Superintendent.

It was voted to hire Masonic Hall for the graduating exercises, June 27, of the Rogers High School, and permission was given to use the hall in the Coddington school building for the graduating exercises of the First Grammar school, June 29.

It was recommended that, as usual, no meetings of the board be held during July and August and in accordance with a motion by Mr. Perry the next meeting will be called by the chair.

Rev. Dr. Stang of Providence is the guest of Rev. Father Coyle.

Hospital Improvements.

A Woman's Ward and a Surgical Building—The latter the gift of Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt—Both long needed improvements.

The Newport Hospital Corporation is about to make an important addition to its plant on Howard avenue and Friendship street, at least the five members appointed as a building committee are to report recommending the improvement, and they will undoubtedly be authorized to go on, composed of Hon. Geo. Peabody Wilmore, president of the corporation; Hon. J. Teaman Burdick, treasurer, Hon. John Ware Powell, Judge Darius Baker and Mr. Thomas G. Brown, were appointed with a view to obtaining, if possible, that much-needed addition to the present hospital, a woman's ward, and their report will show, to the general public at least, a surprising success, especially as it is understood that the necessary means for making the proposed improvement are already in hand or planned.

After visiting many of the leading hospitals in the country, the committee waited upon William Atkinson, the Boston architect who makes a specialty of hospital work, and ordered plans for a building suitable for a woman's ward in connection with the present Newport institution, and these plans are now in the hands of local mason contractors for bids.

These plans call for a one-story building, measuring about 140x34 feet on the ground, composed almost entirely of brick and iron, and fire proof. It will be located on the southwest front of the grounds, the front of the building being between 30 and 70 feet back from the Howard avenue line and the rear end coming to within about 30 or 40 feet of the front line of the present building. In the front end of the building will be a sun room, measuring 18x32 feet, and back of this the woman's ward, 30x72 feet, with accommodations for eighteen beds. Back of this, at the rear end of the building, will be two separation wards of one bed each, nurses' room, lavatory, store room, etc. The lavatory, though really within the building proper, is entirely separated, so far as sanitary requirements are concerned, by solid brick walls, the entrance to it being by a circular addition on the west side of the building. All the wards will have open fireplaces and the whole building will be provided with every improvement known to modern hospital architecture for the comfort and well being of the patients.

The committee also have from the same architect plans for a surgical building, which will be located just at the west of the woman's building, the rear ends of the two being on a line and connected by an open corridor. This much needed improvement is understood to have been made possible at this time only through the generosity of Mrs. Fred. W. Vanderbilt, and it will be known as The Vanderbilt Surgical Building. It will measure 52x36 feet, and, like its neighbor, be one story in height and built of brick with partitions of iron and plaster. It will have an accident room, an operating room, a sterilizing room, two etherizing rooms, two recovering rooms, an instrument room, and a toilet room, and be built and equipped equal in every particular to the most approved surgical hospitals in the country, and undoubtedly far surpass any to be found outside of the large cities. These improvements are to be a part of a general plan on a line with which all future changes will be made and which, when completed, will do away entirely with the present buildings which are of wood.

As soon as the bids of the several contractors are received the committee will make their report, and if their recommendations are adopted, which they undoubtedly will be, work upon the two new buildings will be begun at once with the hope of having every thing completed before cold weather.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has plans out for a new stable. They are by the same architect as those of his Ochre Point villa, now in course of erection, Mr. Richard M. Hunt. They call for a building of brick and stone, measuring 160 x 103 feet, and provided with every convenience and improvement known to stable architecture. It will be located on Coggeshall avenue and when completed will rank among the finest and most costly in the country.

Monday evening about twenty-five members of the Newport Artillery attended the fair of the Bristol Artillery, going up on Tug Aquidneck, and returning about 3 o'clock the next morning.

Postmaster Fay, of whom but little has been seen by his fellow citizens during the past several months, because of serious illness, was present at Senator Wetmore's reception for a short time on Wednesday.

Mrs. Thomas Gould of Dorchester, Mass., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. A. Williamson, Warner street.

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A Transferred Identity.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CRY IN THE NIGHT.

The night had grown very dark. Black clouds were drifting over the moon and blotting out the somber light of the cold stars.

As I leaned from the carriage and with straining eyes vainly sought to pierce the gloom of the night the sound of the wind through the great pines foretold the oncoming storm.

A feeling of intense depression seized me. Why had I come? At this moment I wished myself miles away. What a senseless quest this upon which I had entered! Suppose I were to find my old friend; would she be glad to see me? Was it not an unpardonable intrusion to arrive thus, unherded, at dead of night?

Was there, in fact, any greater imbecile on earth than I, driving here, near midnight, over miles of rough country road to search of Portia Vane?

Ten years had gone by since Portia and I were graduated from the Canadian convent in which we had spent four happy, uneventful years. During that time we were inseparable as any schoolgirl friends. I adored the beautiful, available southern girl, whose tales of plantation life in all its tropical color and indolence had completely captivated me. Born and brought up in a rigid northern atmosphere, the gaieties I got through her conversation and letters of Portia's home life were visions of fairyland. Portia was stately, clever and talented. I was poor, inferior and plain. But the loveliest and wealthiest girl in the convent singled me out as her friend, and my gratitude and devotion to her were unbounded.

After our graduation we corresponded for two years, during which time I was employed in teaching and laying by money, for I intended some day to visit Portia in her southern home. She wrote me of her approaching marriage, urging me to be one of her bridesmaids, which pleasure I was forced to forego.

I received a few letters after her marriage, in which she spoke in glowing terms of her new life. Then I heard no more. We drifted apart, as all school friends invariably do.

It is always the unexpected which happens. Whoever would have fancied that from his numerous trials of relatives my uncle, John Mason, would have selected me, poor Prudence Mason, as the heir to his great property? When I had finished gasping over the announcement his lawyers made me, my first thought was of Portia, and that I would seek her at once to tell her the good news. Perhaps we might travel together; perhaps she was poor and needed assistance. Possibly there were children for whom I might do something. Remember an obscure plain teacher has few friends, and never in all my desolate, colorless existence had I so long to my human being as to Portia Vane. I thought of her now as the carriage went jolting through this wilderness over the uneven roads, occasionally banging against a stump or the root of a tree. I saw her sweet face and heard again her gentle voice and remembered all her graces and kindly acts.

"Will we soon be there?" I asked my driver.

He was a typical specimen of the southern "cracker," and in the monotonous, mellow accents borrowed from the negroes drawled out:

"Potty soon, ma'am. It ah 'bout tu mule. Soon's we uns git by Dead Man's swamp yo kin see the lights down yonder."

"Dead Man's swamp!" I repeated involuntarily. "What a horrible—awful name!"

"Dismal place, tu," he replied, "tha hain't white noh nigga dat go in that at night. All sorts o' cums an awful goin's on tha."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Waal," he stouted, "I hardly know myself what I du mean. That's it. You know, ma'am, that it's the mystery, that's what skabs. Now, if ye knows what's happened, it takes half the scah off, but if tha's only stories an nobody willin' to find out it's kind o' awful. Anyway, I kin tell ye this much—that's lights seen in that at midnight and terrible sounds heard. An some says, an they don't hardly like to whisper the word, that that's what the voodoo do."

"The voodoo?" I said.

"Yes, nigga, ye know, what do un-earthly things—eat dead babies, tah out folks' hearts an play with salpents!"

"Oh, don't tell me anything more!" I exclaimed.

"I've read of them."

"Waal, ma'am, it is somethin' disgustin' an awful to think on. I'm allus pow-ah glad when I'm past the place."

A few rods farther the great forest broke away a little, and in the pallid light I could discern under the scattered trees stretches of morass, black, slimy and filthy. From the giant trees the long gray moss hung like lifeless figures dangling and dipping in the sultry surface of the stagnant pools. The swamp seemed interminable, reaching away in endless gloom under the long hanging branches. The moon came out from the clouds for one moment and sent a cheerless light down on the forbidding scene, but quickly withdrew, as if alarmed at what she saw.

It was a frightful place—weird and uncanny. The wind whistled through the trees, and ghostly shadows seemed to lurk behind their swaying, writhing branches.

"What a horrible place!" I exclaimed.

"Horrible? Yes, this hyah is Dead Man's swamp," whispered my companion.

Though I was oppressed by these hideous surroundings, yet I was at the same time unaccountably fascinated, and leaning out I looked as far into the black vista as the wan moonlight would permit. It seemed to my excited fancy that the trees beckoned me, and that the moaning wind muttered that this awful place held secrets for me. I was conscious of a strange mental exaltation—almost a clairvoyance. Away, away in the depths of that melancholy swamp was there not something calling me?

Hark! What was that?

With a frantic grasp I clutched my companion's arm as out of the night, out of this dismal swamp, trembled and shrunk an awful cry like the wail of the silent day.

It reverberated through those black mysterious avenues and was caught up by a hundred mocking echoes, then slowly died away.

"My God! what is it?" I cried. "They're at it," whispered my driver, and he struck the tired horses a smart blow, which sent them flying over sticks, stones and roots of trees. On, on we dashed in our wild flight from a cry. It was not repeated.

The dead silence that followed by its contrast made the remembrance more appalling.

We were both relieved when we turned into a broad avenue lined on either side by a double row of pines, at the end of which lights could be seen.

I looked at her in amazement. I had often thought of Portia as a mother. How tender, loving and womanly she would be in that relation! I had pictured her holding a baby on her breast and looking down at it with that divine expression only to be seen in a young mother's eyes, and I had fancied her surrounded by merry, romping, happy children. Her scarcely veiled distaste for maternity shocked me.

"You must be very weary, Prudence," she said after a little. "If you like, I will show you to your room."

As I was only too anxious to be alone, I signified my wish to retire at once.

Rising, my hostess took from the mantel a tall silver candlestick and led the way through the wide hall and up the old stone winding stairs.

I followed, with a strange sinking at my heart. My reception, though courteous, had been utterly mechanical. I saw my blunder in having thrust an unsolicited visit upon an old friend who, alas! was not the friend of old. I reflected, however, that it was not necessary to prolong my stay and decided that as soon as possible I would return north with my stock of disillusion, which now weighed upon me like the burden on Pilgrim's shoulders.

I clutched my companion's arm. "That's Swamplands, Kemmel Matchmont's place," said the driver, "an that ain't a fine plantation in Georgia, Lord! I can't go back to town tonight now. I'll ask Jake to put my team up an let me sleep nigh some human critter. All I reckon, ma'am, yeah, powerful glad to be at yon Jonhny's end."

I did not answer. Before me rose the great corinthian pillars and broad porticos of the house of Portia Marchmont. I was trembling from apprehension.

What if she were not at home? Would we be obliged to return over the dismal road we had come? Should I again hear that doleful cry? My nerves were stretched to their utmost tension as we drew up in front of the great house.

I looked at my watch. Half past 11 o'clock.

The hall door was wide open, and a flood of light poured out upon the broad piazza. As I looked a shadow moved from out a dark corner. A figure drifted into the doorway. It was a woman, tall, graceful, dressed in white. Something in her graceful, languorous movement set the wheels of memory rolling. I forgot my doubts, my fears, my terror.

"Portia!" I cried.

CHAPTER II.

PORTIA.

There was no answer. The woman stood motionless as if carved from stone.

"Portia!" I cried again.

Slowly she moved across the piazza. "Who calls me?" she asked.

"Portia, it is I—your old friend, Prudence Mason. Oh, do not tell me you have forgotten me—that you are not glad to see me. I have come for," and choked with my emotion I hurried up the steps, holding out my arms to her.

The light from the huge bronze lamp in the hall shone straight upon my hostess. I listened to the sound of her retreating footsteps as they died along the corridor.

The hall door was wide open, and a flood of light poured out upon the broad piazza. As I looked a shadow moved from out a dark corner. A figure drifted into the doorway. It was a woman, tall, graceful, dressed in white. Something in her graceful, languorous movement set the wheels of memory rolling. I forgot my doubts, my fears, my terror.

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CHAPTER III.

PORTIA'S CHILD.

There was no answer. The woman stood motionless as if carved from stone.

"Portia!" I cried again.

Slowly she moved across the piazza. "Who calls me?" she asked.

"Portia, it is I—your old friend, Prudence Mason. Oh, do not tell me you have forgotten me—that you are not glad to see me. I have come for," and choked with my emotion I hurried up the steps, holding out my arms to her.

The light from the huge bronze lamp in the hall shone straight upon my hostess. I listened to the sound of her retreating footsteps as they died along the corridor.

I heard a distant door open and shut. At last I was alone.

Conscious of my relief, I yet experienced half defined sensations of terror quite new to me. I had always been a singularly self-reliant and courageous woman. But for the first time in my life I felt the presence of mystery. Mystery seemed written on the doors of this gloomy room and on the face of the woman who had just left me.

"Well," I said aloud, and my voice sounded thin and strange in the lonely room, "well, I don't know what it means. Never did a human being change as she has changed. I was an idiot to come, and I'll go as soon as I can make an excuse."

The air of the room was oppressive and musty, and I opened the shutters to allow the fresh night wind to creep in. I then unpacked my bag and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as possible for the night. Back and forth across the room I walked, each time passing the tall cheval glass.

It was during one of these turns that, chancing to glance in the mirror, I saw something which caused my heart to stop beating and my blood to freeze.

I have already said that the glass stood opposite the windows. In its glittering depths I saw the reflection of a face.

But what a face! Malignant, crafty and yet with a lurking trace of terror, it surveyed me through the window—Portia's face!

It was but a momentary glimpse, and then as my heart slowly beat once more I heard a soft, catlike tread on the balcony. She was gone!

CHAPTER III.

PORTIA'S CHILD.

Frozen with terror, I listened for a return of those velvet footsteps, but no sound was heard.

I threw myself dressed as I was on the bed. I did not dare sleep. The candles in their vast gilt sticks burned lower and lower. I watched them with straining eyes, shuddering as I thought of the darkness which would come. At last they went out. I was alone in the profound and awful silence of night.

Toward morning I slept from utter exhaustion, and when I awoke the sun was shining full in my eyes. I turned drowsily. Then sitting upright, I looked at my dusty, travel stained gown in which I had slept. Suddenly the occurrence of the night before returned to me.

What did it mean? Why was Portia spying upon me? What possible explanation could there be of that stealthy survey through the window?

"She must be mad," I said as I wearily rose. "Yes, that must be it. She has had poor health, and possibly her brain may be turned a trifle. Dear me, I don't relish the idea of being watched like that. Well, I must get away as soon as possible. I wonder if it would do to go today?"

I recalled Portia's laugh—mirth provoking, contagious, hearty. I could hear again its silver sweetness ringing through the leafy avenues of the old convent gardens. My hostess' laugh was hollow, sinister and harsh, like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Had the years wrought a complete reversal in her character as well as her face?

"I am sorry Colonel Marchmont is not at home," she said after she had graciously pressed a second cup of tea upon me. "He went to Atlanta last week.

It was a frightful place—weird and uncanny. The wind whistled through the trees, and ghostly shadows seemed to lurk behind their swaying, writhing branches.

"What a horrible place!" I exclaimed.

"Horrible? Yes, this hyah is Dead Man's swamp," whispered my companion.

Though I was oppressed by these hideous surroundings, yet I was at the same time unaccountably fascinated, and leaning out I looked as far into the black vista as the wan moonlight would permit. It seemed to my excited fancy that the trees beckoned me, and that the moaning wind muttered that this awful place held secrets for me. I was conscious of a strange mental exaltation—almost a clairvoyance. Away, away in the depths of that melancholy swamp was there not something calling me?

Hark! What was that?

With a frantic grasp I clutched my companion's arm as out of the night, out of this dismal swamp, trembled and shrunk an awful cry like the wail of the silent day.

expect him back very soon—possibly tomorrow."

"You have children, Portia?"

"One," she replied coldly, as if the subject were obnoxious—"a little girl, 0 years old—a headstrong little creature, I can do nothing with her. I'm glad I have but one."

I looked at her in amazement. I had often thought of Portia as a mother. How tender, loving and womanly she would be in that relation! I had pictured her holding a baby on her breast and looking down at it with that divine expression only to be seen in a young mother's eyes, and I had fancied her surrounded by merry, romping, happy children. Her scarcely veiled distaste for maternity shocked me.

"I was only too anxious to be alone, I signified my wish to retire at once.

Rising, my hostess took from the mantel a tall silver candlestick and led the way through the wide hall and up the old stone winding stairs.

We were both relieved when we turned into a broad avenue lined on either side by a double row of pines, at the end of which lights could be seen.

It was not repeated.

The dead silence that followed by its contrast made the remembrance more appalling.

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Traveler's Directory.

Fall River Line.

For first-class limited tickets, fares reduced to all points. **NEW YORK** and **PLYMOUTH** in combination. Leave **Newport** week days 9:15 A. M. Sunday 10:15 P. M. **New York**, 7:30 A. M. **PLYMOUTH**, 10:30 P. M. **RETURNING**, steamers leave **New York** week days 1:30 P. M. Sunday 5:30 P. M. **NEW YORK**, 7:30 A. M. **FALL RIVER**, 10:30 A. M. **ANNUAL CONVENTION** between Pier 24, Brooklyn and Jersey City. Fine orchestra on each steamer.

For tickets and statements apply at Express Office, 273 Adams Street, J. J. Greene, Ticket Agent.

J. R. KENDRICK, President, Boston.

Geo. L. CONNOR, Genl. Pass'g. Agt., Boston.

J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Double service (two boats each way) will be given on the steamer, commencing June 25, when the **PRIMILLA** (new), **PURITAN**, **PLYMOUTH** and **FALCON** will be in combination together.

Under the new time table steamers will leave **Newport** every Sunday and Sundays at 9:15 P. M. **NEW YORK** and **PLYMOUTH** will be in combination together.

Passenger will leave at 9:30 (instead of 6:30 P. M. as heretofore) and will remain at **Newport** until 6:00 A. M. before proceeding to **Fall River**. The **Plymouth** will leave **Newport** every Sunday evening.

CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT CO.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 16,

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days only at 8 A. M. Leave **Providence** for **Newport** week days only at 4 P. M. Stop at **Providence** Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday only. Stop at **Concord** Friday only.

EXCURSION TICKETS ONLY 20 CENTS.

ONE FARE 20 CENTS. TEN TRIP \$4.

All freight must be delivered at wharf minutes before boat leaves to enter ship.

A. LIVINGSTON MASON,

General Manager.

NEWPORT AND WICKFORD

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 1, 1894.

Leave

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Providence, 8:15 9:15 10:15 11:15

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The Mercury.

John F. BARNARD, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Democrats in the Oregon legislature are almost as seceded as they are in Rhode Island. This does not seem to be a good year for the Democracy.

The General Assembly did good work in passing the anti-polygamy bill. Every member from Newport voted on the right side.

If the Senate keeps on remodelling the tariff bill, Prof. Wilson will need an introduction to his battle scarred pet when it returns to the House.

It looks now as though wool will be taken from the free list before the bill leaves the Senate. If this is done what is there left for the Democracy to fight for?

Mr. H. M. Coombs of Cranston, who has for many years been one of the most efficient members of the Republican State Central Committee, has resigned. Business interests are such as demand his undivided attention.

The gold in the U. S. Treasury is now depleted to less than \$10,000,000 and is still going out. The Democratic administration seems to be getting rid of Uncle Sam's money as fast as possible.

In one of the judicial districts in Illinois which Cleveland carried by 7000 majority a Republican judge was elected a few days since by nearly 400 majority. The Democratic Herald says: "It is an event of national significance, it indicates that the Republicans will gain several congressmen, the state electors, the legislature, and a United States senator to succeed Cullom next fall."

Probably no event in the political history of Newport has given its citizens greater satisfaction than the unanimous election of its honored citizen, Geo. Peabody Wetmore to the highest office in the gift of the people of Rhode Island. The last United States Senator hailing from Newport was, Asher Robbins whose term expired March 1839.

The Providence Journal has "got it bad." It is absolutely without party or friends. It has thrown its pot Cleveland overboard. It has bid a sad farewell to the Congress it helped elect, and now it has been compelled to witness the unanimous election of the man it hates and tried by every means in its power to defeat, to the United States Senate. Truly this is sorrow enough for one time.

The unanimous election of Gov. Wetmore to the United States Senate is without a precedent in the later political history of this State. The last previous occasion when a United States Senator was chosen unanimously was on June 9, 1868, when William Sprague received 33 votes in the Senate and 63 in the house, all that were cast. Previous to that date, on May 4, 1858, the record says that Gov. Philip Allen was elected.

U. S. Senator "by vote of the people, New. Con." which being interpreted means without opposition. There will probably be no colleague of Gov. Wetmore in the next Congress that can boast of a unanimous election.

It is reported that the genial and eloquent Col. John C. Wyman will be a candidate before the Republican convention for nomination to Congress from the second district. Col. Wyman is a man well known not only throughout Rhode Island, but he has a reputation for eloquence and stalwart Republicanism, extending far beyond the borders of our State. He would make in many respects an ideal candidate, and if he should get the nomination and election (which is sure to follow), he would prove an able defender of Rhode Island's interests on the floor of the House of Representatives.

Now that the United States senatorship is settled the next thing to be done is to elect two Republican congressmen from this State for the next Congress.

At the present moment the general excitement.

Gov. Bull has the inside track

for nomination from this district by a large majority. Col. Bull made a good run two years ago and had the plurality.

law then been in existence he would now be the member of Congress from this district. In the waterloo that followed the second election he was defeated by a small plurality. He has borne the brunt of two hard battles, and now that a nomination is equivalent to an election he deserves that nomination, and what is more he will probably get it.

With this number the MERCURY starts on the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of its existence, and notwithstanding its advanced age it makes its birthday bow to its patrons, without a single infirmity incident to old age and with a confidence born of many years of experience in the newspaper world. As in the stormy days of the Revolution the motto of the Mercury was

"Undeceived by tyrants we live; or be free," and its publishers maintained the right to take up the defense of our country with a vigor that called attention to what might then have been deemed treasonable articles, so today the Mercury claims the right to take up the defense of what it believes to be right measures, right principles and right actions and with an equal vigor to oppose and denounce all measures antagonistic to good government.

Death of Prof. Robinson.

Rev. Dr. Ezekiel G. Robinson, formerly president of Brown University and late of Chicago University, died of an abdominal tumor at the Boston City Hospital on Wednesday. Prof. Robinson was a native of Attleboro, Mass., where he was born in 1816. In 1831 he became a student at Brown University, from which he graduated with honor four years later. Graduating from New Haven Theological Seminary in 1832, he was at once ordained and fulfilled the duties of pastor at Norfolk, Va., for three years and at Old Cambridge, Mass., for one year. In 1836 he was chosen Professor of Hebrew in the Theological Institution at Covington, Ky. In 1840 he was called to the pastorate of the Ninth street Baptist church in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1852 he was appointed to the chair of Christian Theology in the Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. During the first year of his professorship he delivered in the First Baptist Church a series of discourses on modern skepticism which attracted large congregations.

In 1853 he received from his alma mater the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, which 10 years later was supplemented with the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1850 he was elected President of the Seminary. This high position he filled with distinguished ability and success for 12 years. Upon the resignation of Dr. Seer in 1867 as President of Brown University, Dr. Robinson was earnestly solicited to become his successor. Subsequently, on the resignation of Dr. Caswell, the request was repeated, and this time with success. In 1872 he was accordingly elected by the corporation to the Presidency and also to the chair of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics. The announcement of his election called forth from various quarters the highest encomiums of his personal character and his rare qualification for the office to which he had been chosen.

Since Dr. Robinson left Brown he had been occupied with lecturing and preaching in various portions of the country, making his home part of the time in Boston and part of the time in Philadelphia. With the opening of Chicago University, Dr. Robinson accepted a position in the department of philosophy, lecturing during two quarters of the year on apologetics and Christian evidences. He finished his work for the first quarter of this year about Easter time and was expected to return in the fall if his health permitted.

General Assembly.

The General Assembly met at the State House this week to elect a United States Senator. Hon. George Peabody Wetmore of this city was unanimous choice of the Legislature, he received the vote of every legislator present, and he was declared elected United States Senator from this State for six years from March 4, 1893.

On Tuesday an Act incorporating the William Coddington Association passed the House. In the Senate it was referred to the committee on corporations and passed on Wednesday; an act incorporating the Geo. A. Weaver Co. also passed the House on Tuesday and in upper body on Wednesday, it was referred to the committee on corporations; the act authorizing the Second Baptist church to sell certain lands was referred in the House to the committee on judiciary and afterwards passed on Tuesday and was treated in like manner in the Senate on Wednesday.

Acts authorizing the Park Commissioners of this city to procure a site and build a city hall, authorizing the establishment of a fund for the relief of retired and disabled policemen and incorporating the Commercial Club of this city were also passed in concurrence on Wednesday.

The resolution appropriating \$350 for the Newport Historical Society and that appropriating \$500 to be expended in furthering the lobster industry of the State were passed in concurrence.

An act amending the charter of the Newport & Wickford Railroad Company in order that the Company may maintain a ferry between Newport and Wickford was passed by concurrent vote on Wednesday, and an act incorporating the Congregation Jesueth Israel, after a hearing of three hours' duration, was also passed in concurrence without reference.

Growth of Old World Cities.

Dr. Shaw notes in The Century that in 1870 New York had nearly 650,000 people while Berlin had barely 500,000. In 1880 Berlin had outgrown New York, and in 1890 it still maintained the lead, having 1,578,749 people, as against New York's 1,515,301. This is as quick a growth as Chicago's, and twice as quick as Philadelphia's. During the last fifteen years Hamburg has grown three times as fast as Baltimore, while Leipzig has distanced San Francisco, and has grown much more rapidly than St. Louis, Munich having usurped Cincinnati, and Cologne Cleveland.

The Southern Rhode Island Press Club will be the guests of Hoc. and Mrs. W. T. C. Wardwell of Bristol on Monday next. The Club will be sure to have a good time as no more general meetings can be found in Rhode Island.

The American Institute of Instruction will hold its 6th annual convention from July 9 to 12. The place of meeting this year will be at Bethlehem, N. H.

Hunting's circus will give two exhibitions in Newport Wednesday June 20th. They will pitch their tents on the Old County R. Co. lot foot of Marlboro street.

Rev. D. P. Leavitt will preach tomorrow at the First M. E. church of which he was formerly pastor.

Continued from Page 1.

Hudson, (Vt.) Rev. Dr. Robinson, formerly president of Brown University and late of Chicago University, died of an abdominal tumor at the Boston City Hospital on Wednesday. Prof. Robinson was a native of Attleboro, Mass., where he was born in 1816. In 1831 he became a student at Brown University, from which he graduated with honor four years later. Graduating from New Haven Theological Seminary in 1832, he

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The Senate and the Tariff Bill—Other Congressional Matters and Political Notes.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 11, 1894.

Republican Senators are not making any predictions as to when the final vote will be taken on the tariff bill in the Senate, but they take no stock in the assertion of Senator Harris that the democrats will force a vote before the close of the present week, not because they doubt their ability to keep a quorum on the floor continuously for that purpose. The republicans have not altered their position. They contend that eight hours a day is insufficient long for the Senate to sit, and that they are entitled to debate each schedule of the bill as it is taken up. Their willingness to accept the agreement to debate certain schedules under the two minute rule furnished convincing evidence that they have no will to filibuster; but they do not intend that such important portions of the bill as the wool subsidy and the income tax shall be railroaded through without debate. Senator Madsen, of Nebraska, expresses the opinion that it will be nearer a month than a week from this time when the final vote is taken.

Senator Bres made one of the most remarkable statements ever publicly made by a Senator when he said: "Whatever you may hear about disunion, I can tell you, that there will be forty-three votes for the bill, whatever there is in it. Senator Jones may make modifications, but whatever he finally decides upon will be voted for by forty-three Senators." In other words, if Senator Bres knew what he is talking about, forty-three Senators have agreed to sink their own individuality and principles and to vote for whatever Senator Jones tells them. Never before did the majority of the Senate delegated such automatic authority to one man.

There are people who say that Representative E. B. Springer of Ill., has no influence with the administration, but I notice that he has been able to get his son, R. W. Springer a life-time appointment on Chaplain in the Army, although the young man, who has been drawing six dollars a day as clerk of the House committee on Banking and Currency while studying for the ministry, was ordained to preach about two months ago. Mr. Springer may not be able to get placed for his constituents, but he manages to provide for his family.

Ex-Representative Abner Taylor, of Ill., is regarded as an authority on political matters in that state.

He has been over the ground and this is the way he sizes up the situation: "It isn't a question of republican success, but of how large our majority will be."

I put the republican plurality at 50,000 in November, but shall not be surprised if it reaches 100,000. There is no longer the slightest doubt that the legislature will be republican, and the democrats may consider themselves lucky if they get as many as five out of the state's twenty-two Congressmen.

Representative Breckinridge, of Ky., has shown himself to be the possessor of a skin as thick as that of a rhinoceros, but thinks it is it was penetrated by a direct shot from his democratic colleagues in the House. He has been boasting of his intention to take charge of the general deficiency appropriation bill when it was ready to be reported to the House, by virtue of his being chairman of the sub-committee which has charge of that bill. As soon as his democratic colleagues found out that he really meant to do so they lodged a formal protest with chairman Sayers of the Appropriation committee, and the result was that Mr. Sayers informed Breckinridge that he would not be allowed to take charge of the bill, because of the refusal of democratic members to recognize his leadership in even so small a matter as the management of a bill which usually goes through without any serious opposition. If Breckinridge were not entirely without the sense of shame he would resign from Congress and withdraw from his contest for renomination.

The democrats of the House are more susceptible to the influence of public opinion than the Senators; they have to stand up for renomination and reelection this year, and they are opposed to the sugar trust schedule of the tariff bill, and many of them are outspoken in their determination to defeat it even if it be necessary to defeat the bill to do so.

The Senate investigating committee is wasting more time over a contentious witness—a member of the New York firm of stock brokers through which the democratic Senators are supposed to have done their sugar speculating. He refuses to tell the name of Senatorial customers or to produce his books, and the committee will ask that his case be referred to the Grand Jury, which has not yet indicted the newspaper correspondents. J. B.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mr. Abbott Lawrence, proprietor of the Newport Steam Laundry, the house formerly occupied by him at 104 Franklin street, to Miss Kate O'Brien, as a private boarding-house.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented to Mrs. Elizabeth McGolgan of New York, the furnished house 10 Cottage street, for the summer season, on behalf of the owner, Miss Neilson, who is at present in South Carolina.

Simon Hazard has leased for John Brown his cottage No. 18 Newport avenue to Dr. Dudley E. Campbell for a term of years.

William Walter Poole, ex-Minister to England, and a gentleman well known in Newport, is rapidly sinking and his physician says he can live but a short time.

Crowley & Coombs, the contractors for building the State wharf at the camp ground, commenced operations this week. The wharf proper will be 10 x 60 ft. and will take 300 oak piles 11 inches in diameter to complete it.

Judge Tillinghast on Wednesday decided to deny the petition of Nicholas Ball et al. for a writ of injunction to prevent the town of New Shoreham from expending \$25,000 in opening the Great Salt Pond. The court is of the opinion that there was no just reason given for disregarding the act of the Legislature.

Mrs. Jennie C. wife of John A. Hazell, died at her home on Bay View avenue Monday morning after a long and painful illness. Her funeral was solemnized on Wednesday, Rev. E. H. Porter officiating. A choir composed of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Spooner, Miss Marland, and Mr. N. T. Hodson sang several appropriate hymns.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by H. A. GALTHER & CO., Proprietary, Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheper for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and sincerely urge to carry out my obligation to their firm.

H. A. GALTHER & CO., Proprietary, Toledo, Ohio.

H. A. GALTHER Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. It is taken internally, Price, per bottle, \$1.00. Small Dose, Small Price.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JUNE.

STANDARD TIME.

16 Sat. Sun 17 Moon 1 High water.

18 Sun 19 Moon 2 High water.

19 Mon 20 Moon 3 High water.

20 Tues 21 Moon 4 High water.

21 Wed 22 Moon 5 High water.

22 Thurs 23 Moon 6 High water.

24 Fri 25 Moon 7 High water.

26 Sat 27 Moon 8 High water.

28 Sun 29 Moon 9 High water.

30 Mon 31 Moon 10 High water.

31 Tues 1 Moon 11 High water.

1 Wed 2 Thurs 3 High water.

4 Fri 5 Sat 6 High water.

7 Sun 8 Mon 9 High water.

9 Tues 10 Wed 11 High water.

10 Thurs 11 Fri 12 High water.

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15 Wed 16 Thurs 17 High water.

18 Fri 19 Sat 20 High water.

21 Sun 22 Mon 23 High water.

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26 Thurs 27 Fri 28 High water.

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13 Thurs 14 Fri 15 High water.

16 Sat 17 Sun 18 High water.

19 Tues 20 Wed 21 High water.

22 Thurs 23 Fri 24 High water.

25 Sat 26 Sun 27 High water.

28 Tues 29 Wed 30 High water.

1 Thurs 2 Fri 3 High water.

4 Sat 5 Sun 6 High water.

7 Tues 8 Wed 9 High water.

10 Thurs 11 Fri 12 High water.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday, June 3.

Twenty industrialists were drowned at Brighton, Colo.—Two children were burned to death at Shakopee, Minn.—Two millions of dollars were lost by the work of Pacific floods—Forty German artillerymen were sunstruck near Berlin—The United States demands \$1,500,000 from Spain for overcharged custom duties—The British minister to Brazil obtained the release of two men arrested on an unknown charge—The British steamer Stockholm City, from Boston to Huves and London, was crippled by a broken engine—Six American sailors carrying 108 men are missing—Michael Vaughn, an employee of the Boston and Maine road, was killed by a train at Everett, Mass.—A ukase has been issued appointing General Tcherevko a special officer for the protection of the imperial family of Russia—Fried W. Goodwin is wanted in Lowell, Mass., on the charge of embezzling about \$100 from Lowell Lodge Knights of Pythias. He has been arrested in Plattsburgh, N. Y.—At the Maine intercollegiate tennis tournament E. W. Davis, Bowdoin college, won the championship singles.

Sunday, June 10.

The Veteran American's tournament will be held at Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 14. Foote and Howland won the New England tennis championship in doubles—The Bangor boys won the Maine intercollegiate games—The naval court-martial of Lieutenant Fillette has begun at Portsmouth, N. H.—Twenty-five million feet of trees were burned at Dubuque, Ia., entailing a loss of \$300,000—Mrs. Beth Clark, aged 91, a native and life-long resident of Andover, Mass., and representing one of the oldest and wealthiest families, is dead—Charles V. Doe, gentleman's furnishing, of Newmarket Junction, N. H., has assigned for the benefit of creditors T. G. Jackson, aged 20, was caught between two sections of a freight train in the Boston and Albany yard at Pittsfield, Mass., and crushed so badly that he died in 16 minutes—Philip T. King, aged 48, a yard conductor in the Naugatuck (Conn.) yard of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, was knocked from a car and another car passed over him, breaking his leg. He leaves a family—Adolphus, the 6-year-old son of Adolphus Shoemaker, a Williamsburg (Mass.) butcher, was drowned in Greene river—W. Porter of Hyde Park, Mass., has been elected general secretary of the Newburyport Y. M. C. A.—Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World has arrived at his recently purchased estate, Chatwood, Bar Harbor. Me. Mrs. Pulitzer comes later—Miss Hope Goddard, the Providence heiress, was married to G. Oliver Ielin of New York.

Monday, June 11.

Rev. Capon Sills was instituted deacon of the cathedral at Portland, Me.—The George William Curtis memorial will take the form of a monument and a course of lectures—Passengers narrowly escaped death in a train wreck at Biddeford, Me.—A new opera house is to be built at Portland, Me.—Thirty cyclers were arrested at Derry, Me., for riding on the sidewalk—James B. Mathes, who killed a man at Narragansett Park, R. I., is held for murder—A man and young girl who eloped from Houghton, Mass., were caught in a New Haven hotel—William P. Burbank of Pittsfield, Mass., was probably fatally injured by being thrown from a carriage—The tubercleinfected bat at the agricultural college at Amherst, Mass., was burned by an incendiary fire—Professor Robert Herwick of Chicago, formerly of Boston, married his first cousin—Ex-Congressman Wallace is to give a public library building to the town of Ridge, N. H.—Two prisoners escaped from jail at Concord, N. H.—Three large icehouses were burned near Fall River, Mass.—Sangster beat Johnson at the New York state bicycle meeting at Ilion—The conference of coal miners and operators at Columbus, O., came to no agreement.

Tuesday, June 12.

An American woman killed a robber at Maltre, Vera Cruz—A woman in Winoche, Mass., was knocked down by a horse and killed—Mrs. William C. Weller of Duxbury, Mass., was badly bitten by a bulldog—Destructive forest fires are raging in the Nestor district, Mich.—The Kansas wheat crops are being ruined by the rising of the Walnut river—The Iowa state was settled by a restoration of the wages and rules of 1892—Striking miners are suspected of burning railroad bridges at Birmingham, Ala.—The trouble between the Lynn and Boston street railway and its employees is settled—Pope Leo reiterates that he will maintain his policy in regard to the church in America—Missouri miners held an all-day conference at Kansas City without reaching any agreement—A nephew of the United States Senator George of Mississippi was arrested at Memphis for forgery—The flat blowers throughout the country have voted in favor of working through the summer months—Howard B. Hodge was arrested again at Boston on a warrant charging him with embezzlement from the Grand Trunk railroad—Constable Allen, who was shot by a German at Bridgeport, Conn., died in a New York hospital—David O. Clark, a prominent business man of Haverhill, Mass., dropped dead—Mayor C. A. Busiel of Laconia, N. H., announces himself a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of New Hampshire—Yale students voted to send an athletic team to England—John McArthur, a 16-year-old boy, died at Lawrence, Mass., as the result of burns inflicted while he was playing around a bonfire—United States officers claim to have traced the men who robbed the Williamson (Vt.) postoffice—Jacob Mannix, aged 27, had both legs crushed at Meriden, Conn., having fallen between the cars of a freight train on which he was stealing a ride.

Wednesday, June 13.

A German warship and cruiser have been ordered immediately to Algiers—Italian laborers were attacked by sympathizers of strikers at Armot, Pa.—The loss of life in Oregon by river floods will be comparatively small—Canadian colonists claim that the English estate titles will hurt them—Ex-Premier Stanislaus of Bulgaria paid a farewell visit to Prince Ferdinand—George Pinkert will attempt to cross the English channel June 27, on his water-cycle—Washington residents complain because they had no eastern mails for two weeks—The plague visitation in China has caused deaths by the thousands and is raging still—President Cleveland was slightly indisposed and will refrain from hard work for a few days—London cabinet are dissatisfied with Home Secretary Asquith's ruling as arbitrator of the strike—Miss Johnson won the honor of senior wrangler at Cambridge, Eng., defeating all competitors—The deputy, de Felice, sentenced to 18 years imprisonment for conspiracy, will appeal—Governor Pattison has warned Pennsylvania miners that he will resort to military force unless rioting ceases—Great Britain insists on interfering in the Bluffield, showing that she does not consent to the Monroe doctrine—A myrmecologist has won a Spanish

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LOST THEIR TEMPER

Editor's Friends Resented Uncomplimentary Remarks.

A Hand-to-Hand Fight Ensued Between Opposing Citizens and Furniture Was Smashed to Kindling Wood.

BOSTON, June 14.—There were wild and exciting scenes last night at an Indigo meeting in the Hebrew quarter, called to protest against the veiled charges preferred by Professor Zelkowitz, in his paper, The Jewish Eagle, against the officers of the Sheltering Home.

Professor Zelkowitz, in recent issues of his paper, strongly hinted that the books of the institution were not reliable, and that all expenditures were not satisfactorily accounted for.

The professor, although he has only been in this country six months, has many friends among his countrymen. He was the favorite for the party that undertook to rescue General Gordon at Kuarto, and served in the same capacity for Henry M. Stanley in Africa.

He was challenged by the accused officers to appear at the meeting and prove his charges. He appeared, as did several hundred of his sympathizers. Their opponents were about equal in numbers.

President Simpky of the house was the first speaker. He made remarks uncomplimentary to the editor. Immediately there was an uproar, and harmony was a missing factor the remainder of the evening.

The president was obliged to give up the floor, and Secretary Barofsky undertook to speak. He charged Professor Zelkowitz with bringing a crowd of hooligans to create disorder. This caused a fusillade of groans and shouts of derision, and the bluecoats could not restore order for over half an hour.

An Exciting Struggle.

When the noise subsided, the chairman ordered the officers to clear the hall of all disorderly persons. The professor mounted the platform to defend himself. One section wanted him to speak in Hebrew, the chairman said he would allow only English. The dispute grew exciting, and the crowd made a rush for the platform. The Professor and Secretary Barofsky clinched, and after a struggle were separated. Policemen's clubs and canes were brought into play. Furniture was smashed to kindling wood, and the grand piano was badly maimed in the melee.

The police sent for reinforcements, and one section of the crowd made a rush to extinguish the lights. The hall was almost in darkness when the opposing party came to the rescue and interfered. The riot prevailed for 20 minutes, and the meeting broke up amid deafening yells and the derisive cheering of the opposing forces.

IN CONGRESS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings In Both Branches.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The five-inclusive rule for the tariff debate has been adopted by the senate. The Indian appropriation bill was discussed in the house.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The spirit and texture schedules up to now were dispensed with rapidly by the senate.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The house acted upon District of Columbia matters.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The senate talked on the tariff, but took no action. The house refused the appropriation for the Indian commission.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Anti-free wool speeches were made in the senate by Mr. Sherman and others. The Indian appropriation bill was further discussed in the house.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—Speechmaking on the tariff was continued in the senate. The house further considered the Indian appropriation bills.

Death of a Maine Judge.

BANGOR, Me., June 11.—Judge Ezra C. Brett died here last night quite suddenly. His wife died only a few days ago, and he never recovered from the shock received at that time. Judge Brett was born July 23, 1824, in Poland, Me. After his marriage to Miss Jane Norton in 1847 he moved to Oldtown, where he practiced law for some years. He was secretary of the state senate in 1853, and during the 12 years following 1851 was clerk of courts for Penobscot county. For 12 years following 1850 he was judge of the municipal court in Bangor.

Bristol's Blaze.

BANGOR, Me., June 11.—At a meeting of the city water board Saturday, the president of F. H. Clergy and others to build a pulp mill at the water works dam here was considered. Mr. Clergy proposes to manufacture ground wood pulp for export, and expects that in view of the saving in railroads freight consequent on shipping direct from this port, he can build up a big trade. He also proposes to run the city's electric street lighting plant. Mr. Clergy is backed up by at least one Portland millionaire, and says he can begin work in 30 days.

Bristol's Blaze.

PROVIDENCE, June 15.—Fire broke out in Seth Paul's oil pocket at Bristol, having caught from a spark from a hoisting engine. The fire spread to the Providence roller shade works, the mills of the Richmond Manufacturing company, Wardwell's planing mill, Natico in M. Cole's lumber yard, a large tenement house. The damage amounted to \$25,000. Captain Andrews of the King Philip fire company was standing by one of the burning buildings when the wind blew out, and he was buried in the ruins and fatally injured.

Free Use of a Thimble.

BOSTON, June 14.—Diego L. Dona, 23 years old, has a quarrel with Fortunato Armento, 26 years old, on North street. La Dona shot Armento in the small of the back, causing him to drop on the floor. A second shot went wild, and struck Luca Spore, an onlooker, in the left arm. La Dona then stood over Armento and shot him through his left arm. Both the combatants have the reputation of being tough characters and very free with the use of the revolver. The wounded man will probably recover.

Wednesday, June 13.

PROVIDENCE, June 14.—Thomas Wilson, administrator on the estate of his sister, who was killed in the Lonsdale sleighing accident in January, 1893, was yesterday awarded \$600 damages against the Consolidated railroad by a common pleas jury.

My Result.

WEST SULLIVAN, Me., June 15.—A stabbing affair took place at a boarding house here during a quarrel. Alphonse O. Pinkham, gave El Gay a severe wound in the shoulder. Gay is in a critical condition. Pinkham was arrested.

City Must Pay \$92,747 Damages.

BOSTON, June 15.—Lawyer R. M. Morse won his suit against the city of Boston for taking a part of his estate at Jamaica Plains for park purposes. The complainant was awarded \$8,747 damages.

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sylvania miners that he will resort to

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Poetry.

The Children.

Only to keep them so,
For I want them to grow;
The babbling tongue,
That we kiss away;
Endless are we who;
Griefs of joy we ride;
As a gift of sin.
Only to keep them so,
Frank and true and pure;
Our love is sure;
Our love all they shrink from,
Our flat their law;
Our store, whence all gladness
They fearlessly draw;
Only to keep them so,
Sweet hands that clasp,
Sweet lips that laugh for us.
Lovingly they come;
Our love, who train to have,
Meet that we guide,
Each fresh step a wonder,
Each new word a pride.
Only to keep them so,
Women and men
Are the thines that circled us
Lovingly them;
Our patient and strong,
Guarding our weaknesses,
Starting us long,
Tenderly mocking us,
Till the nights and ways,
That scarcely keep measure,
With life's rapid days,
Good to us waiting,
Our love, who train to have,
But, only to have them so,
Just as they were!

—All the Year Round.

Selected Tale.

A PASTEL PORTRAIT.

By KATE M. CLEARY.

The picture was charming. There was no denying that. Frank Harwood stood at the window of the print store and stared in at it, as he had done every day for the past week. The execution of the work was not faultless. Some scratches marred it, but the ensemble was bewitching.

The face—that of a girl in the first fresh bloom of maidenhood—looked back at you over one mischievously draped white shoulder. The liquid eyes were laughter; the slightly parted scarlet lips had a shy droop; there was a little, round, dimple in the chin; the hair molled in the soft, gown and dusky background was a wind-blown tangle of rich gold.

Harwood had often determined to enter and make an attempt to discover the identity of the original of the picture, but his courage had always failed him. Today he forced himself to the accomplishment of his desire.

He entered the store, shutting out the whirling snow flakes behind him.

"Is that picture—the pastel portrait in the window—for sale?" he inquired.

"No, sir," he was told.

"Can you tell me the name of the original?"

"I do not know it, sir. This portrait was left here as a sample to solicit orders."

"You are sure it is a portrait—not merely an ideal head?"

"The artist said so."

"Give me his name and address, please!"

But when the rising young lawyer had the slip case in his pocket book, and was out again in the white winter world, he began to feel uncomfortably conscious that in this particular instance he was not acting with the discretion on which he originally prided himself.

He was a trifle troubled, too, by the recollection of a certain conversation held with his aunt the previous evening. She was the dearest old lady in the world, and the most generous. She had brought young Harwood up, given him the best procurable education and three years of European travel. But on one point, the question of his probable marriage, she was inclined to be dictatorial.

"So you refuse to meet Miss Finsworth, Frank?" she had asked.

"As a suitor—yes," he replied positively.

He was rather tired of having his aunt assure him that he never would meet a girl as beautiful, amiable, accomplished, altogether desirable as Miss Finsworth.

"Frank," she asked, hastily, as a startling possibility occurred to her, "is there any one else?"

He hesitated. She repeated the question. He recalled the face in the print shop window. He answered truthfully.

"Yes," he said.

"What is her name, Frank?"

"I do not know."

She looked at him sharply.

"Where does she live?"

"I do not know that either."

"Frank," she said, in a low voice, "surely you have not been drinking?"

He laughed out boisterously.

"No, Aunt Mary; I don't drink. But I'm afraid I'm nonsensically in love!" He laughed again now as he recollected the wondering dismay on his aunt's face. A passer-by turned to look at him. He had reached a row of high flat-faced, dreary, red brick houses. In one of these the artist must live.

He found the number, rang the bell. A curly woman with a smudge of soot on her cheek opened the door.

"Mr. Vincent Brand?" asked Harwood.

"Pastel Portraits."

Harwood knocked. A voice bade him enter. He went in. The room was large, bare, dreary. Some sketches were tacked on the walls. An easel and chair stood in the center of the apartment. A handful of fire in a tiny sheet-iron stove made the cold of the place more noticeable.

"Mr. Brand, I believe?"

The occupant, an invalid with death written in his hollow eyes, on his blue veins hands, bowed assent.

"I came," said Harwood, reclining the solitary chair which was proffered him, "about the picture exhibited in Mercer's window. It is not female."

"No, sir."

"Not at a large figure?"

The artist did not at once answer.

"Not at any price," he said.

"You could not make me a cent."

"No, sir. The truth of the matter is this: The lady who consented to sit to me for that picture, did to out of her own sweet charity. She is so beautiful, she makes such a fine study. I fancied her face would bring me orders, where one less lovely, even if admirable as a likeness, would fail. I need not enumerate to you the reasons why it would be dishonorable for me to abuse her kindness."

"I understand your reasons, Mr. Brand, and respect them. May I give you an order for a life-sized pastel from this photograph?"

He had fortunately remembered having in his pocket the picture of a nephew that morning received. The commission would help the poor artist out.

A light tap came at the door.
"May I come in, Vincent?" called a sweet voice.

The door opened. Frank Harwood turned to look into the face that had haunted him: walking and sleeping, but a thousand times fairer than the colored crayons had reproduced it.

She half drew back at sight of the stranger, but Brand called to her, with youthful mien; "This gentleman, was just asking about your portrait."

She bowed slightly. She was all in rich fur and deep, glowing velvet. The elegance of her attire puzzled Frank Harwood.

"I love the picture you bring; you orders, Vincent."

"It is, indeed," he answered, briefly.

"Well, it is late. I must go. I just ran to see how you are getting on."

He snatched a fit of coughing.

"The basket of delicacies came this morning. Thank you ever so much. You have the carriage?"

"No, I am on foot."

"I shall see you home then," the artist said, looking troubled. "This is not the best neighborhood in the world, and it is growing dark."

The fierce cough shook him again.

"You shall do nothing of the kind!" he said, imperiously.

Harwood went forward, bat in hand.

"Will you do me the honor of permitting me to be your escort?" he asked.

"I am a lawyer, residing in the city. I am sorry I have not a card. My name is Frank Harwood."

She had been listening with a smile.

"I shall be glad if you will come with me," she said, simply.

On their way she told him about Brand, whom she had known from childhood in England.

"He is dying," she said. "It is hard to help him; he is so proud."

The house before which she paused was a magnificent one.

"No," she said gaily; and then, as if repeating: "I shall be at Brand's studio on Friday."

She ran up the steps.

Needless to say, Harwood was in the painter's room early Friday afternoon.

The number of orders he gave quite overwhelmed the artist.

She came at last, her face like a rose over her dark fur.

They met, not quite by chance,unny times, and still Frank did not learn her name. He called her Miss Claire.

One evening, when he was leaving the studio with her, he told her the story of how he had first happened to come there.

"I fell in love with a pastel portrait," he said. "I am today in love with the original. But I know so little of you, it seems like being in love with a spirit. Are you going to punish my presumption, or reward my daring?"

She indicated her carriage that stood at the curb.

"Get in!" she said, smiling. "I chance to be driving your way."

The vehicle stopped at his aunt's door. He remembered there was to be a small dinner party there that evening.

She alighted and went up the steps with him. They were admitted.

"Do you know my aunt?" he began.

"Just then she came toward them."

"Claire, my dear!" she said, smiling.

"Frank, where did you meet Miss Finsworth?"

"Finsworth?" he replied, blankly.

"You!" he reproached Claire. "I know all the time!"

"Do you think I would have let you see me home that night if I did not?" she asked merrily.

"What is the world are you children talking about?" Frank's aunt questioned.

They only laughed.

But there was that in the lovely eyes of his wife which told him he might meet again—and not in vain.—[Saturday Night.]

The Smuggled Garter.

On the promise of seeing something new, if not startling, I accompanied an acquaintance to meet an incoming steamer from Europe, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution. My acquaintance had informed me that his cousin was bringing over goods of very great value, and I expected that considerable trouble would be consumed in examining and appraising the articles. The "cousin" was an attractive young lady, and looked rosy and healthy as she tripped down the long plank. She had had a delightful voyage, etc., and had been good enough to bring only two trunks. These were found, and an inspector made a hasty examination of the contents, saw that they were only ordinary wearing apparel, chalked the bill of lading, and went up the stairs to the cabin.

About the girl with tact there is a habitual fitness. Her very person and attire are harmonious; she never strikes you in any way; she is never in the extreme of fashion, she is never a bore; bind it. She may be quite poor, she will always look like a lady; she may be very rich, yet she will never suggest luxurious living to others. It is by excessive sympathy, rather than by any personal quality that she prevents others from even an uncomfortable memory in connection with her.

Like that Scotch duke who drank from a finger-bowl at his own table, lost one of his guests should be conscious of a solicitude, she anticipates the possibility of discomfort on the part of those who interest her, and circumstances without a moment's hesitation.

"Then you think tact is love?" a friend of mine said, and I answered, "Yes; tact is love."

Greek money ranks ahead of all others.

Faith, pure charity is wonderfully helped by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The world's real beauties already known and worked coal-tar enough to last for a thousand years.

A Grand Fortune

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and seals it, causing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often used: "Hood's Sarsaparilla makes a man young again."

I promised to show this gentleman something, he said. "There's no danger that anybody will catch on to us, if you've no objection—"

He paused. She blushed furiously, and replied: "Well, I don't know that I care; but it's unusual."

Then she reached down toward the floor on the side next the wall, and of course I don't know exactly what she did, but when her hand appeared again it was closed over something. She held it toward me, saying, "Open both hands, and be careful."

The cotton cloth in Lowell, Mass., is said to extend 145,000 miles, it is stretched out lengthwise.

Harwood knocked. A voice bade him enter. He went in. The room was large, bare, dreary. Some sketches were tacked on the walls. An easel and chair stood in the center of the apartment. A handful of fire in a tiny sheet-iron stove made the cold of the place more noticeable.

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Tact Mightier than Wit.

People can hardly define why they love her, why her picture is always like a beauteous flower than the colored crayons had reproduced it.

She half drew back at sight of the stranger, but Brand called to her, with youthful mien; "This gentleman, was just asking about your portrait."

She bowed slightly. She was all in rich fur and deep, glowing velvet. The elegance of her attire puzzled Frank Harwood.

"I love the picture you bring; you orders, Vincent."

"It is, indeed," he answered, briefly.

"Well, it is late. I must go. I just ran to see how you are getting on."

He snatched a fit of coughing.

"The basket of delicacies came this morning. Thank you ever so much. You have the carriage?"

"No, I am on foot."

"I shall see you home then," the artist said, looking troubled.

"This is not the best neighborhood in the world, and it is growing dark."

The fierce cough shook him again.

"You shall do nothing of the kind!" he said, imperiously.

Harwood went forward, bat in hand.

"Will you do me the honor of permitting me to be your escort?" he asked.

"I am a lawyer, residing in the city. I am sorry I have not a card. My name is Frank Harwood."

Business Cards.

M. A. McCormick,
Carpenter and Builder.

All kinds of jobbing promptly
attended to. Estimates cheer-
fully given.

RESIDENCE—11 DEARBORN STREET.

SHOP—KINSEY'S WHARF.

JOHN S. LANGLEY.

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. ALSO

Furnishing Undertaker.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

16 Franklin St., Newport, R.I.

Residence, No. 1 School St.

Alex. N. Barker,

DEALER IN

Lumber & Hard Ware.

BRICK, LIME, CEMENT, ETC.

205 1/2 THAMES ST.

—AND—

LOPEZ WHARF,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Removal.

LAW OFFICES

102

PECKHAM & TYLER,

ROOMS 13-15 Trinity Building, 111 Broad-

way, New York City.

(Near Wall Street.)

Telephone Call, "3,335 Courtlandt," 6-13

J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect & Builder,

Plans & Estimates furnished on application.

General Building, Mason, Stoning, Stucco Work

executed with dispatch.

Shop's Mill St., Office 130 Thames St.,

P.O. Box 181. Residence 102 Church St.

4-14

ORANGES.

DATES,

F I G S.

Nuts,

At the very lowest possible prices.

Also

Canaries

—AND—

Brass Cages.

W. F. Williamson,

235 Thames Street.

CHAS. P. AUSTIN,

Stone Cutler, Monumental and Building

Work,

over PARSWELL & WALNUT Sts.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Water.

DALL PKEBSON, distributor of spring water.

introduced their estimates of price

business, around water supplies, &c., &c.

Mr. MARSHALL, street, river, &c.

Office Hours from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M.

W. M. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

FINE

Photograph Gallery

(For Sale Cheap—Good Business,

GOOD CHANCE FOR AN

Amateur.

A. L. LEAVITT,

126 Bellevue Avenue.

2-11

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends

that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1894, my place

of business will be No. 19 Market Square. Any

one who has umbrella parasols will please

call on them here.

I shall have larger premises and will buy and

sell second-hand furniture and antiquities.

ROCCO BIBONE, Ferry Wharf.

4-7

Agents Wanted.

To sell 72 World's Fair

Photographs in book

form; can make good wages—Outfit 40 cents.

Globe Lithographing & Printing Co.

12-23 910 ASHLAND BLOCK, CHICAGO.

For 2-1-2c. per Sq. foot.

Write for Particulars.

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Agents Wanted.</p

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TIVERTON.

Andrew Schlegel has sold to Henry Schlegel two acres and 60 rods of land on the main road and six acres and 127 rods of land near Seaport.

John R. Ulcks, guardian of George G. Collins, has sold to James McGuinness nine acres of land with dwelling house and other buildings, being the undivided eighth part of the homestead estate of the late Thomas C. and Mary Collins.

James Mansfield has his new barn nearly completed. It is two stories with mansard roof, dimensions 40 by 72 with 20 feet posts, the dwelling, 9 1/2 feet deep. There are 21 horse stalls, 23 windows, lights ranging from 18 by 45 to 10 by 14.

At the annual meeting of the Stone Church Sabbath School the officers elected for the ensuing year were:

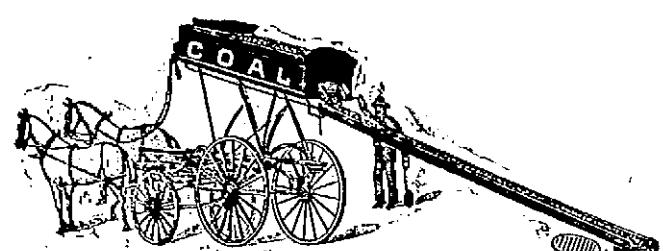
Superintendent, Frank E. Amy; Assistant Superintendent, Mrs. Fanny S. Manchester; Clerk and Treasurer, Frederick Wilcox; Librarian, Carl Cutler; Executive Committee, Alice Hart, Grace Wilcox, Lettie Wilbur, Lizzie Amy, Christia Stanford; Delegates to S. S. Union, Lettie Wilbur, Grace Wilcox, Alice Hart, Frank E. Amy, David W. Simmons; Organist, Lettie Wilbur.

Mrs. Adeline P., wife of Mr. George W. Hamby, died Friday, June 8th, after a brief illness. Funeral services were held at her late residence Monday noon, Mr. Robertson pastor of the Temple chapel conducting them. A large number of relatives and sympathizing friends and neighbors assembled to testify by their presence respect for the deceased and sorrow for the bereaved family. Mrs. Hamby was a consistent

We have an excellent assortment of the best quality of

FAMILY COAL,

and this is the way we deliver it.



We have also HICKORY, OAK, SOUTHERN and EASTERN PINE WOOD prepared as desired.

Pinniger & Manchester
FERRY MILL WHARF.

341 THAMES STREET.

Spring Curry Comb

Clock Spring Blade. Soft as a Brush. Fits every Curve. The Only Perfect Comb. Used by U. S. Army and by Barnum and Forepaugh Circuses, and Leading Horsemen of the World. Ask your Dealer for It. Sample mailed post paid 25 cents.

Spring Curry Comb Co., 100 Lafayette St., South Bend, Indiana.

PORTSMOUTH.

The regular session of the Town Council and Court of Probate for June was held in the Town hall on Monday last with all the members present, and the following business received attention:

PROBATE BUSINESS.—The first and final account of Wm. D. G. Main, administrator on the estate of Phebe Ann Main, deceased, was allowed and ordered recorded.

Mrs. Emily M. Allon's petition, praying that Mr. Samuel F. Harrington, or some other suitable person be appointed administrator on the estate of Robert T. Allen, Jr., late of Portsmouth, was received and referred to the second Monday in July, with order of notice in the Newport MERCURY.

Petition for administrator de bonis non with will annexed, on the estate of Hannah H. Watson, deceased, was referred to the second Monday in July, with order of notice in the Newport MERCURY.

An inventory of the estate of Ann Lynn was received, allowed and ordered recorded.

COUNCIL BUSINESS.—An appropriation of \$200 was granted highway district No. 14, for the purpose of repairing the highway in Union street, under the direction of the surveyor of said district.

The committee appointed in town meeting, June 1st, 1894, to have charge of building the new town hall in this town, are hereby authorized to use the road wall (around the lot where said hall is to be built) in building under pinning and cellar walls under said new town hall.

Voted that the council donate the sum of \$50, to be used toward the repairing the path that is now used in going around the hill on the way to the railway station, at Portsmouth Grove, from the West Main Road, and north of the residence of Benjamin Hall, to be expended under the direction of Benjamin S. Anthony, who was appointed a committee for that purpose, and authorized to receive the money.

The following names were drawn as petit jurors:—John A. Cross, Herbert S. Grinnell, Nathaniel H. Peckham and Coomer A. Eastabrooks.

Hills against the town were allowed and ordered paid: of Joseph Correll, hall for school books to date, \$1,00 49; of Joseph G. Danis, for services as moderator, June 4, 1894, \$5; of Wm. T. Harvey for salaries of Town Auditor

There is a marked distinction between reputation and character. The former is what a person is accounted to be by others; the latter is what he really is. The trouble with most people is, they have entirely too much reputation.

Horseshoes have been found in tombs that dated back to the sixth century.

Officer.—Hey there! Wait a minute; fleeing from justice, eh?

Pacer.—No sir; injustice, sir. My wife drove me out because I wouldn't go and get her washin' sir.

Tommy.—(at the beach)—What be the wild waves, sayin' mamma?

Mamma.—I'm sure I do not know, my boy.

Tommy.—Bel I do. Well, what are they sayin', Tommy? They are sayin' they wieht 'at little Tommy Jinks would come in a-swimmin'.

Pithyman.—After all, the stomach seems to be the most important part of the human body.

Havito.—How is that?

Pithyman.—Why, look at all the summer hotels that make special mention of their "excellent table fare."

I VORY'S
SOAP
99 1/2% PURE

DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. BOSTON

1894.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY: FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 16, 1894.

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